



Continued From Our Saturday Issue

"Certainly. You know the bluish smoke and flame which is sometimes observed escaping from the exhaust pipe beneath the rear of the car," the professor asked. "That is carbon monoxide."

"Would it be possible to convey this carbon monoxide in some way from the exhaust pipe of an automobile to a closed room?" Barry's voice trembled with excitement.

"Certainly!" the professor exclaimed, and the sheriff took a step forward. "A rubber tubing would convey it directly from the exhaust pipe into any part of a container, metal or otherwise. I understand what you mean, Sergeant Barry, and it is a most ingenious and practical theory! The container could be opened in a closed room and the carbon monoxide allowed to escape, as it would be directly forced into the lungs by means of the rubber tubing by which it had been introduced from the exhaust pipe. There have been more than one case of accidental death reported in the medical journals, in which chauffeurs, working in closed garages, have been overcome by the fumes and died before help could reach them. The theory of the use of the gas by burglars in the effort to render their victims insensible, has often occurred to me. In fact—"

He broke off, and both hands clutched at his bushy white hair in sudden consternation.

"My God! And I unwittingly described the very means by which the murder was committed here in the house, in the possible hearing of a score of people who might have utilized it for their purpose!"

"You?" The cry came simultaneously from the coroner and the sheriff, while Lieutenant Cadmus started forward.

"Yes, I mentioned this matter at the dance—"

"Where did you hold this conversation?" the sheriff demanded. "In what part of the house or grounds?"

"In a corner of the library, and to my hostess. We were closely screened by tall, flowering shrubs that we could not see who else might enter but people were constantly passing. This is horrible!" the professor exclaimed.

"Did you mention also the way in which the carbon monoxide might be transferred from the exhaust pipe of a car to a container, and how it might be used to asphyxiate people?" asked Barry. "That would be of course, be the most important part to us."

"Yes, I did!" Professor Semynov groaned. "I am an enthusiastic idiot!"

Barry strode around the house to the garage.

Barry found Frank the chauffeur busily engaged in cleaning the large touring car, which, together with Mrs. Tudor's own fast little racer and the station bus, occupied the space within the garage.

"Are these all the cars owned by the family, Frank?" Barry began without preamble.

The chauffeur looked up in surprise at the sudden query.

"Yes sir, except for the limousine which is being overhauled in town."

"Would you hear if any one started one of the cars running down here during the night?"

"I should say I would!" he responded. "Did somebody take one of these machines out last night for a joy ride during the dance?"

"Wouldn't you have known if they had?" Barry retorted.

The chauffeur shook his head.

"Not last night; I wasn't here. Mrs. Tudor gave me a night off on account of the dance, and went to a movie in the village and stayed over with Pete Whaley, who runs the public garage. I got home here about nine o'clock and went straight to the garage, but it was all locked up tight just the way I left it. There was one queer thing, though."

"What was it?" the detective demanded as Frank hesitated.

"Well, it didn't hardly seem worth mentioning, but it struck me just now as I was cleaning the touring car that there ought to be more gasoline in the tank, according to my calculations, than there is."

He shook his head. "I usually figure it out pretty close, but I must have made a mistake just now."

"Who has the keys to the garage besides yourself?" Barry missed the subject abruptly.

"Only Mrs. Tudor and poor Miss Laurel. The locks ain't been changed in three years."

"It rained hard last night," the detective remarked. "You didn't find any muddy tracks in here this morning, Frank, did you?"

"Only my own!" he said. Then a strange, rather confused look came over his face. "I usually keep my floor like wax, sir, but I was kind of hurried last night and didn't hose it down. I didn't find any muddy footprints this morning, but I did see some queer dried smears here and there as though someone might have washed up the marks of their tread. Look here, sir—and here!"

He pointed, and Barry looked. There were, as a matter of fact, on the floor, as though indeed someone had tried to obliterate their footprints. Barry went carefully over every yard of space. Then he straightened and inquired casually:

"How did you first learn of the trouble up at the house? Did Martha or another of the maids come out here to send you for the doctor?"

"No, sir. I'd gone up to the servants' dining room to have a cup of coffee, and was just sitting down to it when Martha came flying from the young ladies' room with her face as white as a sheet and told me to go as fast as I could—that Miss Laurel was dead."

Barry turned as if to depart, but at the threshold he dropped his handkerchief and, stooping to recover it, turned once more.

"By the way, I was having a little discussion with Lieutenant Cadmus a while ago about the exhaust of motors in general, and I asked if a rubber tube could be attached in some way to the exhaust pipe on a car and led out of doors so that, when the engine was running, the fumes would escape into the outer air. He says it could not be done; that the pressure of the exhaust

lady mouse teacher in the hollow stump school. And on the road Jackie stopped in a toy store and spent his penny.

"Whatever happens," said the nice old lady cat who kept the toy store, "you mustn't take that out in school, Jackie!"

"No, I won't!" promised Jackie. But he must have done something wrong, for he was kept in after the other animal boys and girls were let out. And it was when Uncle Wiggily was hopping home, having found no adventure during the day, that the bunny gentleman met the little puppy dog again. Jackie was looking rather sad.

"What's the matter, Jackie?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Had to stay in!" answered Jackie.

"What for?"

"Cause I—er—cause I took it out in school."

"Took what out, Jackie?" asked Uncle Wiggily, kindly.

"The whistle I bought for a penny," explained the doggie boy. "I took it out, 'cause I sort of forgot, and then the lady mouse took it away from me and kept me in. But she gave it back to me. I have my penny whistle now," added Jackie, as he began to look in his pockets to make sure he hadn't lost his toy.

"So you bought a whistle with your penny, did you?" asked the bunny gentleman. "But you shouldn't have blown it in school, Jackie, my boy!"

"I didn't really blow it," explained Jackie. "It made a tooting noise, but I didn't blow it."

"How could a penny whistle make a tooting noise if you didn't blow it?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know, with a smile that made his pink nose twinkle. "Please tell me that!"

"And you tell me where I can get some nibbles!" suddenly shouted a harsh voice. Then out of the bushes burst the Fuzzy Fox. "I guess I'll get them off your ears!" barked the bad animal.

But just as he was going to leap at Uncle Wiggily, Jackie gave a squeeze to one of his pockets and there was a loud tooting noise, like that of a whistle.

"What's that?" asked the Fox, crouching down and looking at Uncle Wiggily and Jackie.

"Toot! Toot! Tooty-toot-toot!" again sounded through the forest.

"Oh, that must be an automobile policeman coming after me!" howled the Fox. "I don't want to be arrested! I'll get your ears later!" he called to Uncle Wiggily, and away ran the bad chap, nibbling no ears at all.

"Who blew that whistle?" asked the bunny, for he knew he hadn't done so, and he had seen no whistle at Jackie's lips.

"I blew it," said the doggie boy. "This is the way I tooted it in school." He pulled from his pocket a penny whistle with the blowing end stuck in a hole in a rubber ball. Every time Jackie pressed the rubber ball some air went in the whistle and blew it. And Jackie had suddenly pressed the ball and whistle in his pocket, making the noise that had frightened the Fox.

"Is that how you blew your whistle in school, without exactly tooting it yourself, Jackie?" asked the bunny, with a smile.

"Yes—I mean yes, sir," answered Jackie.

"Well, don't do it again," advised the bunny, smiling.

"No'm—I mean no, sir!" barked Jackie. "But I guess you're glad I tooted it now, aren't you?"

"Yes!" chuckled Mr. Longears. "Very glad indeed, thank you. If the street lamp doesn't hide in the rain water barrel when the postman wants to climb up on it to stick a stamp on the policeman, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the hapless wax."

Calvin Stertzbach, chiropractor, graduate of University School of Davenport and Ross School of Fort Wayne, has opened offices at 521 N. Main st. 4-11f.

Income tax returns made out at Engel's Cut Rate. 74

It appeals to people of refined taste—Blue Devil. 70

When you say cigars—say Dutch Masters. 45-47

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World Tea Shop Chain to Teach Girls Business



MRS. IDA JANE DUTTON

By RUTH ABELING.
(Special to The News-Times.)

NEW YORK, March 5.—Mrs. Ida Jane Dutton, head of the New York Exchange for Women's Work, has under way plans to girdle the globe with Y. W. C. A. tea shops in charge of college girls.

Mrs. Dutton has just been elected a member of the board of the Needlework Shop of the Young Woman's Christian association and has been asked to reorganize and rebuild that department at the Needlework Shop in New York.

"In the process of reorganization," said Mrs. Dutton, "I shall add home cooking and a tea shop to the Needlework Shop in New York."

"The tea shop will give a thorough business education and experience to the college girls who want to go into the commercial world, instead of the professional world."

"Many college girls go into the professional world only because it is the natural thing at the completion of a college course, not because they really want to be professional women."

"So we will take into this tea shop to assist with the management commercially bent young college women and will give them a thorough business training while they are employed."

"Then, just as soon as the first girl is capable of taking charge of her own shop in connection with a Y. W. C. A., we shall establish another shop in another city."

"The plan," said Mrs. Dutton, "to continue training girls and establishing shops until we have circled the world, foreign countries and all."

"The whole circle should be completed within two years," Mrs. Dutton enthusiastically. "The plan will begin to operate in October."

Mrs. Dutton is one of New York's really important executive women. Due to her efforts the New York Exchange for Women's Work has become an institution with a countrywide influence.

Although Mrs. Dutton has always been actively connected with business life and big undertakings of women, she has lived an exceedingly domestic life and has always kept up a home.

Her wedding to Job E. Hedger, receiver for the New York City railway and a big figure in the political life of New York state, will take place in June. But she will continue her business activities.

Tomorrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

THURSDAY, JAN. 12.
TUESDAY, MARCH 7.

This is to be forecast as a day of splendid activity, according to the ruling lunar and mutual aspects. With Sol in parallel aspect with Jupiter, two major benefits, there should be all manner of growth, increase of business and fortune, with benefits from powerful friends or through the intervention of those in high places. Fame, riches, good health and prosperity are read from this configuration. The trine aspect of Luna to Mercury should assist to this good fortune, as it endows the mind with quick wit, excellent judgment and far vision, as well as all-around, splendid abilities and persuasive powers.

Those whose birthday it is should have a fortunate year, with advancement, growth, favors from powerful friends, and gain from their own excellent endowments. A child born on this day should be clever, talented, versatile and popular, and make friends of those in powerful positions. It should have a successful and prosperous career.

Do you think dirt never fell off a diamond ring—soak yours in Blue Devil and watch. 70

MEAT CAUSE OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

Ta... a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers—
Meat makes uric acid.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to excrete it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaker, then you suffer with a dull misery in the back region, sharp pains in the neck or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delicious, effervescent lithia-water drink—Adv.

CHIROPRACTIC

Consists Entirely of Adjusting the Movable Segments of the Spinal Column to Normal Position

Why Chiropractors Advertise

Chiropractic is new. The knowledge of Chiropractic is beginning to be disseminated among the people at large. No new thing of use or benefit to the world has become successful, in comparatively recent years, except as its merits have been represented through the medium of high class advertising. Advertising of this kind is educational and it is a campaign of education.

Meeting the same hard fate that all revolutionary projects in the various lines of human endeavor have encountered, Chiropractic has had to contend with the opposition of well-organized associations and organizations with whose tenets it conflicted. It has had to contend with the ignorance of thousands of people who would not listen to its teachings nor believe in its successes, because it was new.

Recognition has come to Chiropractic in its merits. Teaching an entirely new creed for the physical redemption of a suffering mankind, it has done what it claimed to do.

The steadily increasing thousands who have been helped by Chiropractic are its best friends and its best advertisement. When one has spent hundreds of dollars and weeks of time seeking relief, and has then found that adjustments by Chiropractic have worked the restorative wonders that others failed to accomplish, he is not only a real convert to Chiropractic but he is also an apostle, preaching the gospel of a new, wonderful science to the thousands of suffering throughout the country.

We make no claim for cures. Cures are effected by Nature alone, and Chiropractors can do no more than help Nature to help herself. The Chiropractor goes right to the primal cause and removes that. Evidently the natural, healthy processes of Nature are more likely to be resumed quickly when the primal cause of derangement is adjusted than when some side issue result is nullified.

We will be glad to give you tangible evidence of what we assert. If you have suffered from any of the thousands of ills that afflict mankind and have been unable to obtain relief, just drop in and let us show you what we have done.

The Chiropractor does not treat the trouble, if there is trouble, but looks for its cause. He finds it and fixes it; and then Nature effects the "Cure."

(Rights Reserved)

The United Chiropractic Board of Education has appointed the following committee of chiropractors to carry on an educational campaign for the science of chiropractic. Articles will be published in this newspaper each Monday.

WHERE TO GO AND WHOM TO GO TO

South Bend

M. E. Flower, D. C.
Phone 1, 8971.
203 N. Main St.
Parish & Parish, D's C.
Phone M. 1348.
Main 426, Res.
605-6 J. M. S. Bldg.
Calvin Stertzbach, D. C.
Phone L. 6827.
521 N. Main St.
James H. Thorpe, D. C.
Phone L. 1915.
203 N. Main St.
Clare Leffler, D. C.

Robert E. Lee, D. C.
Phone L. 6816.
Room 2, News-Times Bldg.
Smith & Smith, D's C.
Phone M. 2496.
232 Farmers Trust Bldg.
T. G. Swan, D. C.
Lincoln 2565.
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Phone Msh. 1367.
527 Lincoln Way West.

S. S. S. Fills Out Hollow Cheeks, Thin Limbs!



Men and women—whether you ever build yourself up to your normal just-right weight depends on the number of blood-cells in your blood. That's all there is to it. It's a scientific fact: if your blood-cell factory isn't working right, you will be run-down, thin, your blood will be in disorder, and perhaps your face will be broken out with pimples, blackheads and eruptions. S. S. S. keeps your blood-cell factory working full time. It helps build new blood-cells. That's why S. S. S. builds up thin, run-down people. It puts firm flesh on your bones, it rounds out your face, arms, neck, limbs, the whole body. It puts the "pink" in your cheeks. It takes the hollowiness from the eyes, and it foots Father Time by smoothing out wrinkles in men and women by "plumping" them up. S. S. S. is a remarkable blood-purifier. While you are getting plump, your skin eruptions, pimples, blackheads, acne, rheumatism, rash, tetter, blotches are being removed. The medicinal ingredients of S. S. S. are guaranteed purely vegetable. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores, in two sizes. The larger size is the more economical.

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